

how can you possibly think positively about yourself when most people don't even acknowledge your existence? i mean, people believe in abstract things like love, why not believe in me? i am love. existentially, we are in peril. werewolves, bigfoots, all those cryptozoological beings. pushed toward nothingness, we resist. told we have no place, we create one. in these mountains and pockets, we must find meaning. howl and we will come.

*continually deferring meaning**

*accompanying pocket-book to the e-album

richard wehrenwolf.

i think...

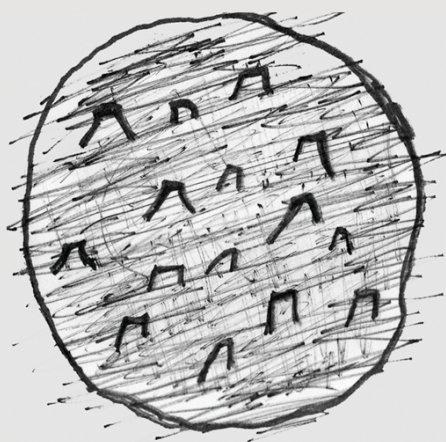
you are a sentient being who lives on planet earth. i think you are capable of wonderful things, things bigger than words. this is just a signifier. i want to share. i want you to share you. if we do this, could we lessen loneliness? it might not be possible to not feel loss. it comes with "the job." let's go on break and never come back. let's jump off this moving train. reclaimourselves. the door is always open, you know.

i wrote these songs in 2008 and 2009. well. i wrote two of them ~~as well~~ in 2008 and one in 2009. what are years? i guess they exist so we can say when we do things. don't feel old. we all are. anyway, these three songs are my first "release". i am just like you. and i am different. i didn't want to use plastic, so this is an e-album, i am sorry if you do not have the internet. one day the internet will be everywhere and you can get these songs when you are 80 or something.

I myself remember vividly how, having gone up to the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris some twenty years ago on a windy day, I felt with dismay the steel structure swaying like a reed in the storm. The most astonishing features of the adventure were two strange experiences: first of all, my soles, enclosed in socks and shoes, contracted in a curious sort of cramp, as if my feet were still prehensile limbs, clinging to the branch of a tree [222]. Secondly, while I was looking down on the city from behind a seven-foot-high steel and wire lattice-railing, surrounding the platform, I felt an overwhelming urge to throw myself down, head forward, into the abyss—

Is it wrong to trust in a beautiful lie if it helps you get through life?

-Miriam Toews



everything pulling
on everything else.
that's what we thought
looking wide-eyed at the moon.
that's what it is, yes. that's
all we are really doing here
anyway. tugging at
craters, hoping we
might fit. somehow
taps on the shoulder,
all those small
requests seem
particularly meaningful
now.



***download these songs* :**

<http://www.archive.org/details/wehrenwolfone>

+Post-Post

wait for the night, crickets violining under dimpled moon. slide down mountains like sweeping ash off table-tops in slow motion. owls sing songs at us that we forgot as coal companies blow off mountain-tops. wind blows off your hat, "my grandfather bought me that" (whispering): advertisement jingles, post-modern wrecking balls into natural habitats, as chicago school economists stand on bulldozers hard-hats clip boards hands massaging paper presidents in their pockets. and here we stand hands in our mouths, we can't build things or spit words out. these kind of things happen everyday: traffic cones knocked out of place, the look-post-look of the look on your face. these kind of things will happen anyway.

+Wax Totem Poles

when we realize where our father has been disappearing to for the same eightish hours every day we understand why each birthday song sung is received like a pile of withering leaves: light in weight yet undeniably massive. what is it we blow out with each year? or what is it we gain, if anything? and what are years? besides brooms sweeping us under rugs, wax totem poles slowly melting away. fears. yeah, whatareyears.

+Follow Signs (Considerations of a Tyson Chicken Truck Driver)

forced awake, 5 am, left hand on a cold dash day, alarm clock plugged into the cigarette lighter blinking like *hey, don't turn that way*. no spots left, mid-afternoon, right hand on the warm wheel. some opera singer crackling through plastic speakers like *keep those eyes like steel*. and there's no fun in playing follow one-million yellow-dashed leaders. pull into the loading dock, lumpers unloading my truck aren't on the clock, take my wallet slowly out of my back pocket. and there's no way this tank's going to make it to chattanooga, there's no smell of diesel for miles and the cb radio's not picking up a signal. but i'd drive over the edge of the world to balance this freight. we're all hurry up then wait, take small shortcuts, stand in line all day, pick through seats for displaced pocket change to pay the toll, we need change. and to the flies marooned in the back windows of cars since the heat of the summer stars, i can only hope someone offers them this reply: take one breath and follow signs.

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feel free to contact me to play a show,
hang out, become best friends, or dismantle
repressive ideologies. i live in kent, ohio
for the time being in a green house with
wooden cut-outs of ghosts and witches in
the front yard.

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this is my grandfather
hanging out of a window
in his college years.
